

DAD

Happy 60th Birthday!!

About a year and a half ago I was looking online through ideas for gifts for you, and I came across this neat idea to have people from the persons past share a memory or thought they have about them. Then I was thinking about you and how many things you've done, been involved in and people you have touched in the past 60 years. I thought it was a neat idea and a great way to show you how much we love you and how we feel about you.

I figured we could try to create '60 years in memories' for your 60th birthday. I needed to get the rest of the family in on it to get their ideas and help me out.

We've put together this book for you. We hope you enjoy reading these letters, notes and memories we were able to get from your loved ones, family and friends both past and present. We hope you truly know how much we love you and the wonderful person that you are. This has been such a fun and great experience for us and we hope that you enjoy this.

Your 60th Birthday party was so fun to put together as well. We tried to include all of the things that you like and that remind us of you. You truly are our Superman!! We love you Dad.

Love,
Your Family

DEAR HARRY

I Hope the Next 60 Days
Are as Kind to you as the First 60
I want you to know how proud
I am to be your earthly father
How proud I am of your relations
ship to our Heavenly Father.

There are many highlights, use I
Remember the Past years.
One that really stands out, was our
trip to Nauvoo. Another was
your talk at Rick's College.

You have really been a great
support to me. I hope you go
very much. And I express my
thanks, for all you have done
for me, I wish the very best
for you. You are one in a million!!
All my love
Always
Your
Father

Dear Larry, July 10, 2015

These birthdays keep
coming around. This is a
time for me to thank you
for all the help you have given
us through the years.

Thank you for accepting me
into the home as a wife
and mother to the family.
I do hope we have many
more years to be a family
and enjoy all the special
events that bring families
together.

I know you will enjoy your
special day and again
Happy Birthday, Love, Mom

You've found your way
in this world,
figuring out what was right for you...
and that not only helped you
become a caring man,
but also the devoted father
you are now.

How rewarding it is for us
to see so many lovable
and familiar traces
of you in your kids.
Saying you've made us proud-
that would be
an understatement.

Happy Birthday
Love,
Dad and Mom



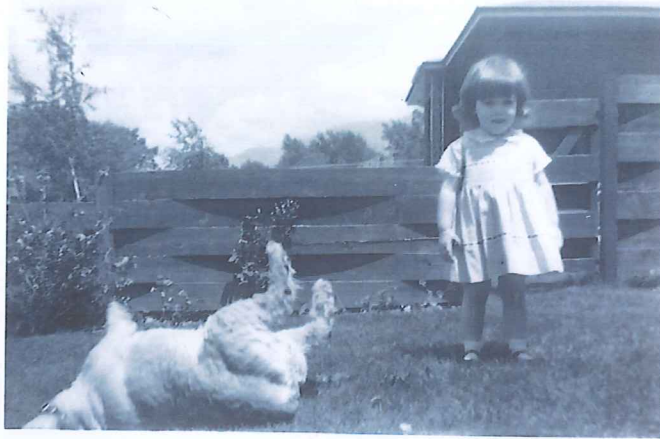
Dear Larry,

Even from my earliest memory..... I have always looked up to you.

My Big brother....

MY HERO!

Joy



Dear Larry,

Do you remember our crazy dog; "Dutchess"?

She would sleep with her feet straight in the air. Every time she did this, I would run to mom crying because I thought she was dead. You were such a great brother, and would always comfort me... calling to Dutchess until she would wake up and run to us.

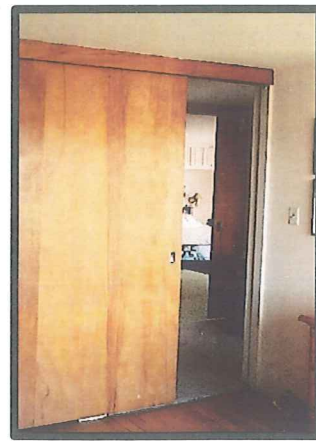
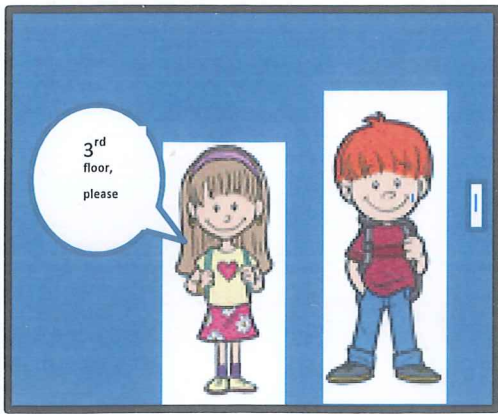
I remember mom telling the story of how Dutchess fell asleep one day in the middle of the road. A gentleman stopped his car and came to our door. He struggled, trying tell us our dog must have been hit by a car. Boy was he surprised when mom called to Dutchess and she came running!

Thanks for being so compassionate to your little sister!

I love you,

Joy





Dear Larry,

I really don't remember much from when we lived in Brigham City, probably because we moved when I was only 2 years old.

I remember a closet between two bedrooms that had a door on both sides. You and I spent many hours playing in that closet. Mostly pretending that it was a train. I've heard mom tell the story of looking for us, and finally finding us asleep in that closet.

Another fun play area was the square hallway at Reta and Paul's house. We used to shut all 4 doors and pretend the hallway was an elevator. Thanks for the fun memories, and for always being kind enough to play with your little sister!

*Love you,
Joy*

Hi all,

Here are some memories for you.

1. When we lived at 2780 Marcus Road, Telephone 298-9525, I must have been 4 years old, making Larry 10. (Right?) Larry had two goldfish in a fishbowl. When he went off to school, I would go down to the room we shared and take the goldfish out of the water and play with them. They flopped on the bed really well, especially if I jumped up and down with them. After I got tired of playing with them, I would put them back in the bowl and run off to play somewhere else. I did this many times. One day I knew the fish were tired of drinking water all of the time, so I quickly came up with a brilliant idea: I went up to the kitchen and got my favorite drink mix...Tang! I put several large scoops of Tang in the fishbowl and stirred it. I was so proud of myself. When Larry got home and saw the fish belly-up dead, he let out a scream. Mom and I came running to see what all the fuss was about. Mom asked if I knew anything about this. "No," I lied. She knew better. I think she was holding back a laugh, but Larry was furious. Dad bought Larry some new fish.

2. Larry got a cardboard drum set for Christmas one year. I always went into the toy room and played it. One day I guess I got carried away. Every drum was smashed through! Again, I lied about not knowing how that happened. Later, I took over Larry's red sparkle snare drum that he played in the band with. Didn't even ask him, just took it.

3. I took Larry's Pinocchio doll and played with it constantly. One time I accidentally left it at a motel. It was lost forever. I cried and Larry was furious with me.

4. As full grown adults, Larry gave me a side job helping him flip a house in downtown SLC (Park Street). I think I made more of a mess than actually helped him. We had to remove a tree in the front yard. A small tree of maybe 50 feet tall! We had ropes tied to it, Larry had a chainsaw. A policeman drove by and asked us if we had everything under control. "Absolutely," we replied. About ten minutes later, the tree fell the opposite way we wanted, crushing the roof of Larry's apartments next door.

I now realize that I have made Larry's life miserable on many occasions and for that....I APOLOGIZE!!!

Rick and Wendy went on an amazing trip to Mexico with Larry and Teri. We had a blast. We went on a pirate ship with Elizabeth Taylor. Got lost in the hills driving and could not turn around. Could have been kidnapped on our way to the Zip Line Adventure. Road a fun Banana boat. Got really sunburned.

Love, Rick Richman and his smoking hot wife Wendy

This life passes much too fast. Of all the memories I have about you, it is difficult to narrow it to just one. Johnny and I often talk about our families, how much we miss each person and how unfortunate it is we don't see others as much as we would like.

One thing that stands out for me when I think of you is how you always made an effort to attend family events. Your presence more than shows you love and care about your family. There is not one time I can think of when you weren't there. Blessing, baptisms, weddings . . . knowing you and Teri would be at a gathering was icing on the cake and I looked forward to seeing you every time.

Everyone gets busy with their day-to-day schedules but you always found time to put the important things first. Words cannot express my gratitude to you and Teri for making a special trip to Boise for Rhys and Riley's blessing. I felt so lucky to have you and Rick, my brothers, give the blessings.

How lucky I am to have you as a brother! I have quietly sat back and watched you . . . the way you treat others, how you've set your mind to achieve amazing things and how your family always comes first. You inspire me to do better things and be a better person.

On your birthday, I wish you a day full of smiles, memories and a very happy day!

We love you,

Julie Johnny Weston

Rhys Riley Emerson

Dear Larry,

Happy 60th Birthday! I have so many dear memories of you! Lots of holiday memories – the crazy chaotic Christmas and Thanksgiving gatherings at the parent house, making the “kid videos”, you doing the dishes after all those meals, and the late night trips to PoJo’s. Lots of memories of you opening your home to me when I’d come to visit with Dad, or with my entire seminary group in high school for general conference. Lots of memories with you at family events – weddings, missionary farewells, baptisms, baby blessings, etc. But if I have to choose one – I would choose this one:

I don’t even remember when this was – summertime possibly and I must have been in junior high or high school. I have a sweet memory of you asking Teri if she wanted an apple, then slicing (and peeling the skin!) and giving it to her. That seriously impressed me and I think it was at that moment I decided that whoever I marry would need to show me that same kind of love, thoughtfulness and respect. You are an excellent example of kindness, compassion, love and tolerance. I seriously hold you in the highest regard. You are ridiculously funny, incredibly talented and I am beyond proud to call you my brother. I hope you have a wonderful day and enjoy it to the fullest!

Hugs and much love,
Jennifer

My memories of Larry is when he would come up to Boise during the holidays and film our music videos, Teri was in charge of Hair and Larry was the Director and Producer. This was a family event where everyone participated in the making of the video. We made two music videos one with Jennifer as Madonna, and the other with Julie as Tiffany.

Many memories of going to Salt Lake to visit Larry and Teri after their children were born. We traveled down when Lanae (EL-9), Jamie, Jason, and Hailee were all blessed in church. Every time we went to visit they welcomed us with open arms and let us stay at their home.

We would go to Salt Lake to visit with Larry and Teri and Rick and Wendy and would go out to eat with them. Rick and Larry had special rules when we would go out to eat that were very important to follow.

Rules:

Always start with plate of desert then rotate and always end the meal with a desert

- 1) Desert
- 2) Plate of food
- 3) Desert
- 4) Plate of food
- 5) Desert

Larry and Teri and the family would come up to Boise, Idaho for Christmas and Dad (Grandpa) would fix breakfast in the mornings. He would make both Green and Red (more like pink) pancakes. Jamie was about 3 I think, and Larry was sitting at the table with her on his lap and Jamie sat there and at about 10 pancakes. Grandpa was going to give her more because she wanted more and then Teri walked in the room and put a stop to that.

Becky Richman

Larry,

13 June 2015

I was asked to cite some remembrances about you for your 60th birthday, so here goes. In reading the following however, keep in mind that as I get older, I find that my memory sometimes isn't quite as factual as it once was. Therefore, part of the following may or may not actually be true, but it is the way I remember it and if not true, then it's probably the way it should have been.

Your Grandpa Seely use to always say, "Never ruin a good story with too much of the truth." I have always liked that philosophy and have used it liberally throughout my life.

As for memories, let's start at the beginning. I remember very well when you were born. I was only 12 years old, and I was hoping you would be born on my birthday, 6 July, but you managed to miss it by 4 days and were born on 10 July 1955 instead.

You were only the second grandchild in our family, so everyone was delighted by your arrival – especially your Grandma Seely. You were a cute little guy – with BIG ears, and Karen, Kent, and I use to fight over who got to babysit you. Kent was only 10, so it was usually Karen or I who won, but sometimes Kent came along with me and rode shotgun.

I remember that I was very proud of having a new nephew – even though he had REALLY BIG ears.

As I was thinking what I should write about you for this remembrance, it occurred to me that I have always been proud of you. This has been a constant throughout your life.

As a boy, you were always very well-mannered and obedient, and I was proud of you.

You did well in school and when you graduated from High School – I was proud of you.

You chose to serve a mission to Guatemala – and I was proud of you.

When you were chosen to learn the Cakchiquel language – I was proud of you. Proud because having had to learn to speak German, I understood how challenging learning Spanish would be, and knew that because you were subsequently called to live with the native Cakchiquel Indians and learn their language, it meant you had learned Spanish well and were also a good missionary who was up to the challenges your Mission President knew you would face.

Having to face an earthquake and to bury a missionary companion is a challenge that few missionaries have had to endure, and when your dad showed me the letter you had written about it, I was saddened, but I was proud of you.

When you returned from your mission and went to BYU, I was proud of you.

When you went to work for the church translating church literature – including the Book of Mormon – into the Cakchiquel language, I was proud of you.

When you graduated from BYU, I was proud of you.

When you went to work full time for the church, I was proud of you.

When you married Terri, I was proud of you and her (you certainly married up).

When you had four beautiful children, and raised them well, I was proud of you.

When you tried your hand at being an actor, I was proud of you.

I am proud of the work you have done for the church.

I am proud that you were called as a Bishop.

I am proud of the books you have written and published.

I am proud of your blogs and Facebook postings.

I am proud of your sense of humor (We seem to find the same things funny).

I am proud that you were asked to speak at BYU-I.

I am proud that your picture is listed as a contributor to Meridian Magazine.

I am proud of your technical prowess and your management of LDS.org

I am proud that after 60 years, you are still a strong advocate for the Lord and for the Church.

Larry, I am proud to be your Uncle, and I am proud of you.

Happy 60th Birthday,

Your Uncle Jim Seely



Front: Richard Seely, Lee Seely, Linda Goates, Mike Goates, Rick Richman, Laura Seely, Joy Richman, Jim Seely

Second Row: Grace Seely, Gwen Seely, Jan Seely, Karen Galloway, Joyce Richman, **Larry Richman**, Lynn Richman

Back Row: Muriel Seely, Jeannie Seely, Glen Seely, Kristen Seely, Kathy Goates, Kent Seely, Leland Seely, Jeff Richman



Remembrances for Larry Richman

What can I say about such a remarkable man that likely has not already been said by his remarkable family? It's hard to be original when others speak so ably and well. Yes, I too could list your accomplishments (and they are many), but I think I shall confine myself mainly to earlier years.

Story: As an infant and little guy, still in diapers, your parents occasionally needed a babysitter. Usually, the coveted job fell to Karen – because, well, she was older and a girl. On one such occasion, I remember speaking out loudly about the prejudice and injustice that was being inflicted upon me - just because, as a boy, I was not allowed to be your babysitter. I also spoke of the financial hardship I had been forced to endure due to the fact no one (i.e., your parents) would hire me to babysit. To my amazement, my arguments did not fall on deaf ears; both your parents and mine decided that a boy could be a babysitter; so they gave the job to my older brother, Jim. I, they said, was still too little.

Your self-mastery and chivalry was evident even as a young child. Story: It seems that your younger sister, Joylynn, was always teasing and annoying you; but you withstood her abuses and did not succumb to normal childish impulses to clobber her – except on one notable occasion. All the “kids” (that still included me) were down in the basement of your home playing. Joylynn had been especially obnoxious to you and was beating loudly on her new toy drum. After repeated requests to cease & desist and warnings of physical retribution had gone unheeded, I witnessed Larry take the toy drum out of his sister's hands and bash her over the head with it. The covering on the drum was made of paper and gave way; I can still see her wide eyes and open mouth as Joylynn looked at her brother in stunned disbelief. Both the top and bottom of the drum passed below her chin and clamped Joy's arms to her sides; otherwise, I think Larry would have been in real trouble. As it was, everyone just laughed and thought Joylynn to be very cute. Larry got off with only cursory, “You shouldn't do that to your sister.”

At about age eight, I remember how pleased with yourself you were as you recited the Articles of Faith to your grandmother. It was shortly thereafter you recited the Ten Commandments to her. You stumbled on the one about honoring

your father and mother. You may have muffed the words then, but you have surely demonstrated your understanding of the meaning of those words in the way you have attended your parents. Your loving care and concern for your father is exemplary.

I'm proud to say I'm related to you! Happy Birthday Larry!

Uncle Kent Seely
(435) 723-7021



Dear Teri + Gary

Sifty is not old!
and you not there yet.
When you get to be
"going on Eighty Six" you
will think Sifty is pretty
young.

I think of Gary as a
little kid. I visualize him
as an energetic bundle of
energy.

Gary was well loved by
his mother. She loved all
of her children and was
proud of them. Her eyes
would sparkle when she talked
about them.

Keep on enjoying life.

Love

Made

Glen